

He's Wellcome Home :

O R, A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

John and Sarah.

112. f 44. 32.

S--h. **W**ellcome Home, from Wars Alarms,
Wellcome to my Longing Arms :

Wellcome ever thou shalt be,
Since thou went'st, an Age to me :
All the Crop I have born,
Are or'e pay'd at thy Return ;
Spight of Lyes, and *Tory Malice*,
Hither thou art Wellcome always,
Let ungrateful People Rail,
Falshood never shall prevail.
All good Men will do thee right,
Injur'd now by Party Spight ;
Tho' thy Service they up braid,
Grumbling at the Sums they've paid :
Odiums ne'er shall blast thy Fame,
Honour still attends thy Name.
Now *St. James's House* to please 'em,
Must be stop't, and that of B---m
Nay the hottest of the *Tories*,
Not alone Traduce thy Glories :
But have other things in view,
Wou'd their wretched *Malice* do.

J--n. *All this S--h as I Love thee,*
Has not the least pow'r to move me.
Truth's not always in season,
High I stand, and that's the reason.
Men that rise, and will be honest,
Envy's always finds out soonest.
'Tis my Mistress, that must prais be
First Esteem'd, and after Rais'd me,
Honours heaping by degrees,
Much above my Services.

S--h. No, thy Services do claim,
More than modesty will name :
Tho' thy *Tory Foes*, now prate,
Once at Home they shaking fat,
Whilst thou Abroad did Toils endure,
To keep 'em from the Foe secure ;
M---h then was all the Toast,
Hast thou since a Battle Lost ?
Hast thou to the Foe betray'd 'em,
Or done ought, but fought and sav'd 'em.

That these causeless clamours rais'd are,
Revil'd, for what thou should'st be prais'd for

J--n. *The praises S--h I esteem but*
Trifles, if the People deem not :
Nor conceiv't a thing so strange ;
The World is liable to change :
If I have made a bad Camp---n,
Let 'em ruminat on S---n :
None wou'd e'er a Gen'ral be,
(Or at least I'm sure for me)
Were they always in Command,
Bound to get the winning Hand.

S--h. Tamely fit then, and be quiet,
Patience is most noble Diet :
Let them strip you to a Rey---t
And turn Praises to Im---t.
Wou'd you still talk at this rate,
And not your Honour vindicate ?

J--n. *That Honour scarce is worth our care,*
Which vindication wants, my Dear,
Nor wou'd I give a subs Commissions,
To bring my Foes to such Conditions.
For that Mans worth, which People hate,
What force ? what Truth can vindicate.

S--h. Go then and make a fair Retreat,
Be thank'd, as if you had been Beat,
For me, I plead none of these Ties,
And was perhaps more Rash then Wife,
And I can with patience bear my shame ;
But 'twill not well become your Name.

J--n. *Suppose the worst, the World shall see,*
How dear I hold my Loyalty,
Condemn Applaud, be A---a near
Her Breath my course shall always Steer ;
Whether Her Dread Command does come,
To Fight Abroad, or Love at Home-

F I N I S.